

The Comedy of Errors

by William Shakespeare

SCENE III. A public place.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

There's not a man I meet but doth salute me
As if I were their well-acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me; some invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindnesses;
Some offer me commodities to buy:
Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop
And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,
And therewithal took measure of my body.
Sure, these are but imaginary wiles
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Master, here's the gold you sent me for. What, have
you got the picture of old Adam new-apparelled?

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

What gold is this? what Adam dost thou mean?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Not that Adam that kept the Paradise but that Adam
that keeps the prison: he that goes in the calf's
skin that was killed for the Prodigal; he that came
behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you
forsake your liberty.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

I understand thee not.